WOMEN EXILE THEMSELVES FROM HOME COMFORTS FOR SUMMER.

Children Should Be Taught Good Manners, if Only for Their Mothers' Sake-Talk of This and That.

There's no more curious phase of summer-boarderdom than this putting up with things that you wouldn't dream of putting up with at home, says a writer in the New York Evening Sun. Every one who has ever undertaken to play the role of the summer boarder has realized this. The beds of adamantine hardness, the well-tanned beef and the butter a la Samson, are some of the discomforts and inconveniences which at home would be regarded as insupportable. Mr. Robert Grant has eloquently remarked upon the longing of the summer boarder for the rich city cream and the succulent city vegetables to which he is accustomed. The thing is the more curious when you remember that most folk become summer boarders with the idea of getting rest and recuperation; that they leave home for the express purpose of finding some more beneficial if not pleasanter surroundings. In face of which facts one cannot help but be impressed with the self-sacrificing spirit of most summer boarders willing to endure so much in behalf of the cause that they have undertaken to support. Still there are now and then revolters. "I am heart- present-day "Turks" and "holy terrors." ily tired," observed a woman the other day, "of deliberately exiling myself for several weeks each year from the comfortable beds, baths, verandas, rockers and menu of my own home and going to some place where we are obliged to put up with every variety of inconvenience. For the past three summers we have spent from four to six weeks at a place where there was no veranda. Of course, during the day we were always busy boating or driving, but when evening came there was absolutely nothing for us to do but to sit upon the stoop or else incarcerate ourselves in the stuffy little parlor. It was appalling. Oh, how many times have I yearned for our own broad verandas and luxurious rockers! I know that the place stomach, starved nerves, imperfect teeth, dazzas and spacious apartments we should probably have to pay lots more and that it would involve style and all sorts of things and people that we don't care to come in contact with during our vacation; but it would be so nice if we could just have the primeval sweetness and freshness with some few home comforts, too." There was once a family who had submitted so much to this sort of thing in their vacation experiences that they one summer resolved to do so no nore. "Of course, we can't look for all the comforts of home," they said, there are some that we simply can't fore-After careful cogitation of the matter this family decided that the things most essential to their comfort were veranda and rocking chairs. Accordingly, in all letters of inquiry to various places they made a special point of mentioning these articles, saying that they wouldn't go anywhere unless sure of finding them. They finally decided upon a certain hostelry simply because its proprietor assured them that it was well supplied with verandas and rockers. Upon reaching the place they were pleased to observe that the louse was, indeed, surrounded on all sides by a wide plazza strewn with rocking chairs. And as the proprietor came forth to meet his newly-arrived guests the first thing he said was: "Well, are you satisfied? Here is the veranda and here are the

The Modern Old Lady. New York Tribune.

"What has become of all the old ladies? remarked a man the other day. "When I was a boy there used to be one in nearly every family I knew and visited-wrinkled, white-haired, veritable old women, who by their venerable appearance gave a dignity to the household. One by one these dear old ladies, so associated in my mind with the pleasant days of my youth, have, in the course of nature, joined the great majority, and, oddly enough, their places have never been filled. Other succeeding generations have passed through the customary graduations of childhood, youth and middle age, but there are no old people, or at least only an occasional specimen bowed down by physicial infirmities betokening great age, and as different from the pretty, kindly, bustling old ladies that I remember as it is possible to imagine. Who would dare to call the modern grand-

"I felt old once," remarked one of these remarkable end-of-the-century products, "but that was years and years ago, when my children were growing up, and I was worried to death about their health and their education, and their morals and their manners, together with their future, and the thousand and one things that mothers fret over so unnecessarily-for, after all, what will be will be, and there is no use bruising one's self against a stone wall. Now, thank the Lord, they are all married and settled, and I feel as if I had taken a new lease of existence. I find that there are no end of things I can enjoy that when I was a young woman I had no time or inclination for. So I have taken up painting and have become interested in politics and ocial questions; have developed a taste for society, have become tolerably profiand handsome countenance of the dame. because it was then the almost universally accepted notion that when a wom-an's children's children entered upon their existence her day was practically over, and that she must comport herself accordingly.

Careless Shoppers.

New York Times. A woman shopping in a New York store one day last week was cleverly victimized of her purchase and change. She gave in payment for a lace collarette, the price of which was \$2.39, a \$5 bill. Then, as she was in great haste, she went off to another part of the store, telling the saleswoman she would be back for her goods and

When she did return, fifteen minutes afterward, it was to be told that the collar and change had already been taken. The saleswoman was in tears as she made an explanation, when the lady excitedly stated that she was the rightful

"Why," said the girl, "a lady came up here in the crowd and reached over, saying, just as big as could be. Have the ge and collarette come back.' I looked at her, and she repeated: 'My change from a \$5 bill, after paying \$2.29 for a lace colar.' The lady's face seemed familiar, and gave her the things. Now I remember your face, too, and I can see that you're the right one. But I thought the other one was right, too.' The situation was provoking, but it was also, to an extent, justifiable. Saleswomen

cannot be expected to locate faces perfectly. Shoppers often find it extremely difficult to identify a saleswoman when it is necessary to do so, and what is true on one side of the counter is also true on the other. The advantage of identification is, indeed, in favor of the shopper, who sees the girl set apart, while the girl confronts, often, at the crowded counters, like those where ribbons and laces are sold, a tripie ine of faces, set closely together. outcome of the particular case rered to may be of interest. After a coniderable consultation the loss was divided nto three portions. The firm replaced the collarette, the shopgirl repaid half the change out of her wages, and the lady pocketed the loss of the other half.

Spoiled Children. Philadelphia Record.

How much happier would the world be if fewer children were spoiled! Mothers are held responsible for the manners of children, and justly so, for the fathers see so little of their progeny that they find it impossible to correct persistent rudeness in them, and it is not expected that men should neglect the sterner duty of providing the bread and butter in order to teach their young ones how to eat it. Children reflect their mothers in all their ways, and when in a car or other public conveyance a boy or girl rises, and with a gracious readiness, offers a seat to an older or in-

FOR FEMININE READERS a burden or exhausted by the day's labor, the onlookers invariably say to themselves -and often to each other-"What a nice mother that child must have." If for no more praiseworthy reason than the ignoble one of hearing herself extelled the mother of a boy should require him to pay deferential attention to old people and to lift his hat and bow to his youngest girl acquaintance. How very different is the general bearing of the boy who bows gracefully rom that of the boy who merely nods, as if he had no training in courtliness. In some homes where one goes to call the children slide down the banisters or thump the plane while one vainly endeavors to that with their serenely unconcerned mammas, for whom one is at the same time entertaining a vast deal of contempt. These are the children who come to the table when there is company and openly demand all the tid-bits, never, by one moment's silence, allowing the talk to rise above the vel of their own mental range. They unblushingly ask for more cake, when they know there is not enough to go round, and embarrass the guests by appealing for their intercession. We all know these ubiquitous children, these holy terrors, and it is impossible to exonerate their mothers from the blame. Their maternal parent is their natural instructor in all that conventional etiquette requires of the well-bred and if

she neglects to train them she may be very sure that they will not find more patient teachers elsewhere. Well-mannered children carry the impress of their refined home life about with them, and they show forth the culture of their mothers more unmistakably than they inherit her features. If they are polite, considerate and unobtrusive you know un-erringly that their mother is a lady, just as surely as you know that the mothers of rude, boisterous and supercilious children are sadly lacking in those qualities which constitute the charm of a gentlewoman. Surely, if these thoughtless mothers realized that even their ugly ducklings might become attractive and popular if well bred to the point of distinction, they would not so, grievously neglect this part of child training; and if they have the social success of their grown-up sons and daughters at heart they cannot begin too soon to make little cavaliers and ladies of their

To Cure Headaches.

Dr. Herrick, in Ladies' Home Journal. A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air, shampooing the head in weak sodawater, or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache. When overfatigued from shopping or sightseeing a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treament. Neuralgia is caused not only by cold air, but by acidity of the erous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot flatiron, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes, without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value, though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than bags of heated salt, flour or sand, which retain warmth for a long time. Cold water, applied by the finger tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity a dose of charcoal or soda will usually act as a corrective. Sick headache is accompanied by billous symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is overtired or below par physically. This is a disease of the first half of life, and often stops of its own accord after middle age. Careful dist is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being espe-Eating heartily when very tired, late dinners, eating irregularly, insufficient masti-cation or too much animal food, especially

are frequent causes of indigestion, caus-

in the spring or during the hot weather,

Hot Water. New York Ledger. Hot water has far more medical virtues than many believe or know. Because it is so easily procured, thousands think it valueless. The uses of hot water are, however, many. For example, there is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung out and applied over the painful part in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford promp relief. A strip of flannel or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes. water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is helpful in the case of constip tion, while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breafast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics. Very hot water will stop danger-

How to Dress the Hair.

Ladies' Home Companion. Without question bangs are out; but no law has been issued that we drag the hair so tightly off the face as to render winking an impossibility. It only serves to accentuate the marks of age, which usually show first at the temples, where the hair grows thin, and brings into prominence portions. If you wear a pompadour, wear it dressed full, either with the aid of a passes through all the streets of the cities roll under the hair, or place side combs of men. cient in bicycling and golf, and am gener- under the hair, with the teeth pointing ally enjoying myself. I certainly do not from the face, which will produce a full, seel old now. Do I look it?" she added, loose effect, which is more becoming. To laughing. Certainly no trace of old age put the side combs under the hair, a part- New York Members Who Do Not Set detected in the superb physique | ing must be made directly in the cente of the head, and the hair again divided who, twenty-five years ago, would have from the crown to the ear. Then put the combs in as far forward as possible, and turn the hair back over them. After the front is satisfactorily arranged the side locks must be pulled out loose; and a stray lock or two is permissible. At the back the hair is mostly arrayed in a round knot though there is an evident tendency to arrange the hair in the chatelaine braids with a broad, flat effect.

From Various Sources. A specialty of some of the women's exchanges is the painting of china to match broken sets. Any housekeeper who has tried to have a cup or plate of a cherished service replaced by sending to the factory

knows what delay and disappointment

often result, and will be glad to be reminded of the probable resource much nearer at hand. The abestos covers that are used to slip under cooking utensils to prevent the scorching of the contents are also very convenient for use beneath a teapot in place of a tile. A round doiley a little larger than the cover is made of white linen to lay over it. It is embroidered with a wreath or with

a pattern to match one's tea cloth, if used over the little 5 o'clock tea table. The Florentine and Mosquetaire are leading favorites among new sleeves. The latter is wrinkled up the entire arm, with triple frills of the dress material falling over the sleeves on the shoulders. The Florentine model is like the feathered sleeve of an Indian chief, with a tiny gathered frill of the rippled material following the outside seam of the close sleeve from the wrist to far above the elbow. This model

has a short full puff at the top. The soft, cool vest of chiffon or mousselaine de soie and the very high ceinture of satin are now so universally worn as to have lost all individuality. In Paris they have raged for months past, and are still worn with day and evening gowns alike, and with or without short bolero jacket. Both the Princess of Wales and her daughters have gowns innumerable made with these additions, some of the newest short | a ten table. He loved to talk with the jackets having a postilion back and tabbed

Some wholly new dresses from the noted

houses of Feix, Pasquier and Sara Mayer are in princess style, open at the back and cut half low, and with only caps on the shoulders. These caps are very frilly and stand out exceedingly full. The material is either of black or white satin brocade. or some of the handsome summer materials in silk or satin. The guimpe and full elbow sleeves worn with the gowns are as a rule made of some very airy material over net. but with black princesse dresses they are formed variously of crepe de chine, flowered taffeta, small patterned pompadour satin, or accordion-pleated India silk. Novelties in dinner decorations are now eagerly sought for. At a recent dinner a clever hostess tied a bouquet of pink roses to the chair of each woman guest. Each man had a pink rosebud beside his napkin. At a rose dinner the table was ornamented with a low pyramid of red roses in the center and sprays of the same flowers were scattered carelessly over the table. For the last course a rose bush was brought around and each guest took a rosebud; which proved to be formed of very palatable ices and creams. Soft tulle loosely thrown over some contrasting color of silk

ter of a table. Green tulle over pale satin, the edge outlined with delicate ferns, and a tall cut-glass vase in the center filled with white sweet peas and ferns, looks

very dainty and refreshing. An eminent sanitarian, Dr. Parkes, has given directions for a home-made filter for drinking water. A large common flower pot is covered at the bottom, the openin and all, with a piece of clean flannel or of zinc gauze. Over this put a layer of coarse gravel about three inches deep, and over the gravel a layer of white sand of the same depth. Above the sand put four inches of charcoal, broken in fragments If possible use animal charcoal. Lay over the top a clean fine sponge that covers it, or if you have not a sponge, a layer of clean flannel. The top layer, whether of flannels or sponge, is to be made sterile by frequent washing and boiling. Set the filter in a wooden frame, and under it put a clean vessel to receive the water as it comes through the filter.

In a Paris Restaurant.

gaze, while my heart with patriot pride, Upon the exquisite skin, rose-flushed and The perfect little head; on either side Blonde waves. The dark eyes, vaguely soft and dreamy. Hold for a space my judgment in eclipse, Until, with half a pout, supremely dainty, "He's real mean"-slips from out the strawberry lips-

"Oh, ain't he?" tached And diamond-studded - this reproof whereat he is not to any great extent abashed

(That youth's from "Noo Orleens" or "Cincinnatty." I'm sure.) But she-those dark eyes doubtful strike Her sherbet ice. * * Won't touch it. * * Is induced to. Result: "I'd seoner eat mine ple, Jim, like We used to."

I hear her friend discoursing with much Of tailors, and a garment he calls "pants." I note into her eyes a softness stealing-A shade of thought upon her low, sweet She hears him not-I swear, I could have

While then my too-soon-smitten soul re-

The escort nudges her-she starts, and-The ideer!" This was the finishing and final touch. I rose, and took no further observation. love my country "just about" as much-I have for it as high a veneration-

As a man whose fathers fought for liberty, Whose veins conduct the blood of Commodore Perry, can. But she was quite too very awfully American.

-H. C. Bunner. CAMBRIDGE IN 1866.

Intellectual Society of Ideal American Simplicity.

W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine. With life in Cambridge, as it began to open itself to us, we were infinitely more than content. This life, so refined, so intelligent, so gracefully simple, I do not suppose has had anywhere else its paraliel. It was the moment before the old American customs had been changed by European influences among people of easier circumstances: and in Cambridge society kept what was best of its village traditions, and chose to keep them in the full knowledge of different things. The reader will imagine how acceptable

this circumstance was to a young literary

man beginning life with a fully mortgaged house and a salary of untried elasticity. If there were distinctions made in Cambridge they were not against literature, and we found ourselves in the midst of a charming society, indifferent, apparently, to all questions but those of the higher education which comes so largely by nature. That is to say, in the Cambridge of that day (and, I dare say, of this) a mind cultivated in some sort was essential, and after that came civil manners and the willingness and ability to be agreeable and interesting; but the question of riches or poverty did not enter. Even the question of family, which is of so great concern in New England, was in abeyance. Perhaps it was taken for granted that every one in old Cambridge society must be of good family, or he could not be there; perhaps mere residence tacitly ennobled him; certainly his acceptance was an informal patent of gentility. To my mind, the structure of society was almost ideal, and until we have a perfectly socialized condition of things I do not believe we shall ever have a more perfect society. The instincts which governed it were not such as can arise from the sordid competition of interests; they flowed from a devotion to letters, and from a seif-sacrifice in material things which I can give no better notion of than by saying that the outlay of the richest college magnate seemed to be graduated to the income of the poorest. In those days the men whose names have given splendor to Cambridge were still living there. I shall forget some of them in the alphabetical enumeration of Louis Agassiz, Francis J. Child, Richard Henry Dana, jr., John Fiske, Dr. Asa Gray, the family of the Jameses, father and sons. Lowell, Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. John G. Palfrey, James Pierce, Dr. Peabody, Professor Parsons, Professor Sophecles. The variety of talents and of achievements was indeed so great that Mr. Bret Harte, when fresh from his Pacific slope, justly said, after listening to a partial rehearsal of them: "Why, you couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two-volumer!" Everybody had written a book, or on article, or a poem; or was in the process or expectation of doing it, and doubtless those whose names escape me will have greater difficulty in eluding fame. These kindly, these gifted folk each came to see us and to make us at home among them; and my home is still among them, on this side and on that side of the line between the living and the dead, which invisibly

SLOW-PAY PEWHOLDERS.

tle Will Be Sued. New York Letter to Pittsburg Dispatch. Pewholders in metropolitan churches who do not pay rents may hereafter be dunned for the amount due; just as though the indebtedness was for meat or drink or any of the other necessities or luxuries of life, if other congregations decide to follow the example of the Madison-avenue Reformed Church, which has a large and fashionable congregation. The Madison-avenue congregation has not placed the accounts of deinquent pewholders in the hands of a lawyer for collection, but it has sent some bills to a collection agency. This is admitted by the treasurer of the congregation, who is also vice president of a bank, He believes that the affairs of a church should be conducted upon the same principles of those of any other institution, hence the new departure in the collection of back pew rents. A member of the consistory backs up the treasurer of the aristocratic church in this language: "I believe that where a man is abundantly able to pay and declines to do so when requested, then he should be made to pay. The church does not expect members to make payments when unable to do so; but there are men who live in fine style, own fine houses, drive elegant turnouts, and in other ways show they have ample means, who allow their pew rents to run behind, and give no stiention whatever to requests made them to settle their accounts with the church Such cases are the ones that are being taken up." Supplementary proceedings here promise to become more interesting than ever.

Bad Men but No Guns.

New York Mail and Express. "Cyclone" Davis, of Texas, succeeded in getting himself more extensively advertiged than any other of the extreme type of the frontier Populist. He worked hard enough for newspaper notoriety. Six feet six inches tall, narrow-enested and stoopshouldered, he clads his lank figure in dusty black, and he wears a big-rimmed black felt hat that would cover the top of newspaper men. Said he to a group of orrespondents: "Now you fellers all write for the gold bug press. Just let me make you a speech." The correspondents merrily arranged themselves on a stairway, with "Cyclone" at the foot, so that most of them were on a level with his abnormal stature, And then "Cyclone" quoted Scripture and swore alternately, while he delivered his views upon the ethics of jour-nalism. They are not worth repeating, except to say that, like many other cranks. he shouts for the "freedom of the press." but would like to gut every newspaper office that spoke unpleasantly of him or his ambition to get into Congress for the sake of \$5,000 a year and a still wider advertise-

During the Populist convention, amid many scenes of riotous excitement, I never saw a sign of what they call a "gun." Never was there a pistol pulled. called each others hars in the hotel corridor debates at the rate of once a second. but they didn't seem to care to fight about it, at least the genuine ruralists didn't. The Popullsts from Chicago would fight men without cause, but they seemed to be to lower. She had had no time to prepare the only Western Populists who would back epithets with fists. As a rule, the men from the country, who wanted to be slightest motion of her hands was closely considered "bad," were violent only in Derson to one weary with carrying | or satin often forms the mat for the cen- | their language.

HER REMARKABLE MANIFESTA-TIONS INVESTIGATED IN FRANCE.

A Committee of Scientists Obtain Startling Results in Which Fraud Is Out of the Question.

Paris Letter in New York Tribune.

Is it a fact that inert objects have been set in motion, not in the usual way, by material contact with some mover, but solely by means of some unknown and invisible vital force, emanating from the organism of a person placed at a distance? If so, then science has to face a fact far more disconcerting to its calculations than any X-rays. If not, then a satisfactory explanation has to be found for phenomena which have been observed by scientific men of undoubted competence, under circumstances that seem to exclude all possibility of fraud or error. Col. Albert de This at her escort, youthful, black-mus- | Rochas, formerly of the Ecole Polytechnique, of Paris, and now attached to the French Ministry of Public Instruction, has just published the notes taken of such observations, day by day, as they were made, from Sept. 20 to 29 of last year.

The person who uses this supposed force is the famous Eusapia Paladino, who has already been repeatedly under the close and systematic observation of professional men of science, Italian, French, German, Russian and English. She is a peasant woman of Naples, and is now about forty years of age. Her father was killed by brigands when she was a child, which may partly account for a nervous terror with which she is afflicted. When only eight hind walls and bushes. She is of a hyster- finger, clean so far as could be discerned ical disposition, and is a fit subject for through careful examination, when passed hypnotism, although she enters into her in full light over a piece of paper traced hypnotism, although she enters into her present trance states of her own accord. Richet, like Professors Lodge and Ochor spiritualist seances with much success, but seized by a well-formed living hand, disments with her strange powers until she | "That which makes this kind of experiment was twenty-two. Then a spiritualist induced her to undergo a systematic course a tactile hallucination, which seems to me of observations, and for several years she absurd, or an ill-timed joke on the part of formed the astonishment of skeptics and the delight of believers as a medium quite out of the usual line. The wonderful things related of this time of her life have nothing to do with the present phenomena. which do not need the intervention of spirits for their explanation. Still, whatever cleverness at sleight of hand she may be supposed to possess, she must have acquired at this time. She has always remained quite ignorant, so far as ordinary education goes, though naturally of good

The first to examine Eusapia Paladino in the name of positive science was her countryman, the well-known Dr. Lombroso, with other medical authorities on mental derangement and hallucination. In 1891 at Naples, in 1892 at Milan, in 1893 at Naples and Rome, in 1894 at Warsaw, and afterward in France, she occasioned mysterious movements that baffled every effort of scientific men to explain. gust of 1895 she was taken to Cambridge, England, where the phenomena were judged by rules laid down by Mr. Maskevne, the authority on legerdemain. The whole attention of the observers was centered on one point-to find if Eusapia freed one of her hands at any time from the control supposed to be constantly exercised over both. Every facility was offered her for doing so if she wished, and it was discovered that she actually profited by the opportunity.

CHANCE OF FRAUD EXCLUDED. The raising of the question of fraud consequent upon this made it necessary that there should be new observations under circumstances which would render fraud impossible, at least on the part of Eusapia herself. This has been done with such success that the fraud, if there be any, must be attributed to the men of science. The test experiments made in France immediately after were carried on with a special view to the criticisms made at Cambridge, in order to get rid of every suspicious condition.

Eusapia was quite unaware of the tempest she had raised. She was brought to a country house of Colonel de Rochas, who had organized a new commission of seven independent men of science, some of whom, like himself, were accustomed to hypnotic experiments, but none of whom had ever had any dealings with Eusapia Paladino. It was 6:30 o'clock in the evening of Sept. 28. Four sets of observations had been made on previous days, beginning always after 8:30 in the evening. No notice had been given either to Eusapia or to the committee that experiments might be made at this hour of the day. She was in her normal waking condition, and there was no sign of the apparent trance which usually accompanies the phenomena. In the drawing room there was a heavy table, a little over three feet long. On one end of it was placed a large petroleum lamp having a white muslin shade. The whole surface of the table was brilliantly illuminated. M. de Gramont brought from a valise in his room a letter-weigher, which comprised an ordinary metal stand, with a small pan the letter and a balancing weight below at the end of an elbowed ever, the movement of which set an index hand in motion over a graduated scale. The lowest depression on the scale answerweight of fifty grammes (1%) ounces.) The weight of the entire machine was almost exactly one-quarter of a pound. Any downward movement of the pan with the corresponding motion of the index hand on the scale, and still more any movement of the body of the machine, would require firect and easily discovered pressure. Any suspicion of the machine itself would fall back on M. de Gramont, whose property it was, and in no possible way on Eusapia. The letter-weigher was placed on the end of the table opposite the lamp. Just behind it M. de Gramont stationed himself, and at his side M. de Watteville, who is a doctor both in physical sciences and in law. At the side of the table, on a line with the letter-weigher, was Eusapia, with Colonel de Rochas beside her. Opposite, so that the letter-weigher was in the full ine of vision between them and Eusapia stood M. Sabatier, professor of comparative anatomy and zoology in the university faculty of sciences at Montpellier. Both the pan of the letter-weigher, with the scale, and the hands of Eusapia were from beginning to end in the full light of the amp not two feet away. The distance between her hands and part of the letter-

weigher was also plainly to be seen from THE LETTER SCALES MOVE. Eusapia at first endeavored to produce a movement of the pan by holding a single hand some inches above it. This was without result. She then used both hands, one on the right and the other on the left | Showing the Many Things That Are side of the pan. The fingers of each hand were brought to a point and their extremities held at a distance of one inch and a half from the pan. The whole attention of the four men was directed to verifying that at no time was there any contact of | ment, the exact counterpart of which is not the fingers with the pan. Eusapia moved her hands lightly up and down. At first this, too, was without result, but soon the | quick, courageous, resolute, true till death pan oscillated repeatedly up and down, keeping time with the movements of her hands. At last Eusapia quite lowered her hands and the pan descended to the exfreme point indicated on the scale, and then remounted. During all this time Eusapia made no movements other than with her hands, and there was absolutely no vibration of the table or jerking of the ma-

Dr. Dariex, director of the French Annals of Psychical Sciences, now entered the room and the experiment was begun again. He placed himself beside Professor Sabatier, that is, where the letter-weigher stood in the full light between him and Eusapia, whose hands were held directly toward him. Like Eusapia herself, none of the observers was more than one foot distant from the letter-weigher. For this second trial she asked each of her neighbers. Colonel de Rochas on the left and M. de Gramont on the right, to place a hand on her shoulder. This is in accordance with her idea that force comes to her from others. After a few moments the pan again sank to the end of the scale. All the observers were agreed in their absolute certainty that the fingers of Eusapia at no time came nearer than one inch and a half to the letter-weigher. It was also impossible that a very fine thread or hair should have been adroitly passed by Eusapia from one of her hands to the other above the metal pan, which it might thus have served for the experiment, which was unlike anything she had ever done before; and the watched by the five men from the start. entitled. "A Day with Xenophen's Harri- I couldn't seem to so to sleep with the Two Dollars Per Annum watched by the five men from the start.

fine hair immediately after. The light was such that the hair itself was easily visible. That there should remain no doubt as to the part played by the hands of Eusapia, a third experiment was begun under spe cial conditions. Professor Sabatier placed himself behind Eusapia, passing his arms under her own around her waist, and taking her right hand in his right and her left in his left hand. He thus imprisoned each of her hands in his own, leaving outside of his grasp only the tips of her fingers united in a point. By leaning his head slightly to one side he could see perfectly over her shoulder both her hands and the letterweigher. His own hands moved with hers and he could not help being conscious if they swerved from the up-and-down movement so as to come in contact with the letter-weigher. Under such conditions, if there was trickery possible. Professor Sabatier would be equally implicated with Eusapia. The pan was again completely forced down to the end of the scale, and

all of the observers were absolutely certain that there had been no possible contact with the hands of Eusapia This experiment being satisfactorily over, three of the men withdrew. Eusapia remained with Professor Sabatier, Colonel de Rochas and the wife and grown-up daughter of the latter. The letter-weigher was placed on the table one foot from the edge. Opposite Eusapia stood Professor Sabatier, so as to have between himself and her the letter-weigher. In this way he could see the hands of Eusapia and their distance from the letter-weigher in each of their motions. He asked her to open her hands wide, to place them in vertical parallel with each other, one on each side of the letter-weigher, and to move them forward horizontally as if to produce a movement of the entire machine. After two or three motions of the hands, which were constantly held more than two inches distant from any part of the machine, the letter-weigher glided along the surface of the table, without shocks and with increasing rapidity, until it tumbled over the

These experiments are of scientific value, precisely because they are so simple and well defined. Others of a more weird and spectral quality were made on other occasions. The essential mystery, however, is the same in all of them. Is it invisible

hands that move the objects, or some unknown vital force? A few phenomena, which are mysterious under any supposition, have also been subjected to scientific observation in the case years old she was subject to hallucina- of Eusapia. Thus distinct pencil marks tions, seeing eyes looking at her from be- were made on the shirt of one observer underneath the outer garments. Another's pencil marks on it five times running. Dr. When thirteen she began taking part in wicz, declares that he has been repeatedly they tired her, and she left off all experi- ing both hands of Eusapia. He adds: some one present, which it is impossible to suppose; or, finally-and this is the conclusion to which I have come-something like the materialization of a living hand, a conclusion which I accept in despair of any other, and to which I do not resign myself without pain." It only remains to say that Professor

Lodge, who took part in two of the Cambridge seances, has not had his conviction shaken in the validity of the evidence which proves the existence of these abnormal owers in the organism of Eusapia Pala-

ATHLETIC CHRISTIANITY.

Good in Its Way, but Not Equal All Demands. New York Evening Post.

One of the most striking tributes that we have seen to the supremacy of athletic Christianity, we discover in the last annual report of the president of Williams College. Referring to the religious life of the institution, and particularly to the vacancy in the college pastorate, President "I have sometimes thought that a young graduate with enough theological training to give biblical instruction, put in charge of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, especially if he were a good athlete and had the enthusiasm and personal magnetism which we naturally associate with the combination of athletic ability and Christian faith, would help the college more than a pas-

This is said, of course, in perfect good

faith, and the old graduates who may be

set gasping and staring by it have only

to be told that they have not kept up

would no doubt be enthusiastically and overwhelmingly approved by a vote of the students. Nowhere is "the combination of athletic ability and Christian faith" more popular than in college, and if both cannot be had, one alone will do very well, provided it is the first one. Religion sandwiched in between bicycle runs, brought in as a gentle and harmless form of rest or recreation in the intervals of the more serious athletic business of life, is one of the greatest phenomena of the age, and its study and practice cannot be too earnestly insisted upon in our institutions of higher learning. There are sore old-fashioned people however, who are as ready as the next to admit the good wrought in all modern life, and so in modern religion, by the introduction and vogue of athletics, but who nevertheless see, or think they see, some serious dangers in athletic Christianity. One of them is that Christianity will, so to speak, get lost in the shuffle. The threatened evolution seems to be: athletic Christianity; Christian athletics; athletics. Those who have somewhat closely scanned the working of the schoolboy and undergraduate mind on this subject think they detect a tendency to analyze President Carter's "combination, and to bestow much more honor upon the element of "athletic ability" than upon that of "Christian faith." This may be roughly illustrated by the verse that used to be jocosely sung about Yale's famous

praying pitcher. It went to show the undergraduate surprise that, in this case, Chistian faith had not more clearly impaired athletic ability: "Oh, Stagg is a wonderful pitcher, He pitches a wonderful game; But he gets there just the same. And when all is said, athletic Christianity will also pass. Christianity owes a good part of its wonderful vitality to its plasticity before the form and pressure of each age, thus winning the appearance of specially ministering to the peculiarities of each age. But unless it is to prove the veriest bubble, ever breaking and re-forming, it must preserve its ancient substance. What that is the poets and the seers have told us. It is mystery-the mystery of sorrow and suffering, the mystery of comfort and healing, That mystery cannot be permanently interpreted for the human race by men in sweaters, who have broken the record for jumping or running. Spiritual messages have their greatest carrying power when given by mortals in whom the spiritual triumphs over the physical. messengers consumed with inward fire, coming from midnight vigils where they have seen a light that never was on sea or land, the world has always listened, and will listen again, as its chosen religious teachers; and in the presence of one such spiritual genius even now athletic Christianity looks the poor and pass-

DOG NOMENCLATURE.

ing thing it is.

To call a poodle Neptune or a pug Rover is obviously to invite contempt for one's capacity as canine sponsor. A terrier, for instance, which is a dog of unique temperato be found in any other phase of creation requires a name which shall characterize the little rascal's natural disposition-alert. -the difficulty nowadaws, of course, being to find names which shall be appropriate without being worn to rags; the most characteristic, such as Venom, Vixen, Nettle, Sting, Trap, etc., having all been used over and over again. A properly conscientious family will deliberate for months before selecting a name for a new puppy. Two admirably expressive names for two beautiful little fox terriers, which, some ten

years ago, used to occupy the show benches

side by side, and were as good for work

as they were to show, were Brokenhurst Rally and Raby Tyrant. Bendigo, for a hard-fighting, generoushearted white bull terrier, and Caliban, for an atrociously ugly and powerful bulldog, with the shortest of faces and bandlest of legs, the writer considers his own happiest efforts at canine nomenclature. Being somewhat fastidious in the matter he was not a little disgusted when upon one occasion a dainty but game little smoothcoated terrier which he had presented to a lady under the name of Skittles was reintroduced to him by the name of Floss. Huntsmen, though they have generally a fine regard for fitness in hound nomenclature, obviously cannot be eternally supplying new names, so they ring the changes on the old, and the badger-pied Ringwood, who wakes the echoes of the dewy wood with his jangling music to-day, succeeds to | tigued. The doctor's wife remarked it. the mortal designation of the fine old haretan ancestor who went to the happy hunting grounds a dozen seasons ago. It is in- by water again. I read the card in my structive, by the way, to remark that as stateroom about how to put the life-prewe learn from an interesting article which | serve on, and I thought I understood it appeared recently in Macmillan's Magazine

ally into our English equivalents, Active, Bustler, Ravager, Reveller, Cherub and the "Give your hounds short names," he says, "that it may be easy to call them."

W. H. GIBSON AND HIS WORK. How the Artist Lived and Went About His Paintings and Writing.

New York Sun. William Hamilton Gibson, the writer and artist, who died suddenly last week, was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and within a short time after he took up th work his collection of views numbered more than six hundred. Half of these were taken during a journey through and they were so casually made that they included views out of the windows of railroad cars, and others that were caught when the operator was resting on no firmer foundation than the back of the donkey which carried him over the Alps. In one corner of his Brooklyn studio there was a dark chamber devoted to the artist's labors in photography, and there were few places he ever visited in this country or Europe from which Mr. Gibson did not carry away some souvenir in this, his favorite form.

Mr. Gibson had his studio for a lon time in the center of the business portion of the city, but later transferred it to the top floor of his home. "Sweetness is never wasted on the desert air" was one of hi principles in life, and another was that the presence of beautiful objects about an artist is always conducive to his inspiration. Living up to this theory, he had made of the room in which his work was done an unusually attractive apartment even for a room which allows such latitude for the display of taste as a studio customarily affords. He had hung the walls with tapestries, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. Some pieces of fine old mahogany furniture, substantial and polished, helped to furnish the place, and did actual service, adding the merit of practical usefulness to its orna-mental effect.

There were other practical furnishings in the shape of chairs that were really comfortable and easy, as well as beautiful and artistic, and about the broad windows were low cushioned seats. From these windows the artist had an extensive view of the two cities, as well as of the bridge, the bay, the Liberty statue, and, further in the background, the palisades and hills of New Jersey. Many of the objects in the room had been in the possession of Mr. Gibson's family for years, and one of these was an old sun dial which hung on one of the walls. It had seen a century or more of active work, and had belonged at one time to the grandfather of the artist. Another heirloom that added the value of association to its usefulness and decorative effect was a high chest of drawers that had been in the Gibson family for generations. Another valued possession of the artist's was a portrait of his great-grandfather, Chief Judge Richard Dana, painted after Singleton Cor were covered in every available space with sketches of flowers and landscapes made by the artist, and usually the number of freshly finished works for nis magazine articles and books was large enough to crowd his large writing table and the other available places in the room. The summer months Mr. Gibson spent in his country house at Washington, Conn., and there his studio was in an old district schoolhouse, which was one of the artist's childhood recollections of the place.

It stood on the top of the hill, surrounded by great sumac bushes and the natural growth of country shrubs and flowers, which the artist would not consent to have disturbed any more than the workmen found it necessary to do in building plazzas about the little house and making it appropriate to its new purpose. Mr. Gib-son followed the same plan in laying out the grounds about his house. Only a diminutive grass plot was cleared away in front of the building, and, beyond destroying the poisonous plants, growth was not changed. The fleid in front of his house was allowed to grow luxuriously its crop of daisies, clover and wild flowers, with no interference from its new owner. Thick woods grew near the house, but these were not altered in ap-pearance by anything other than the paths that were cut through them. The artist wanted the nature that he knew and loved so well to be undisturbed as far as possible in the aspect by any artificial treat-ment. The contemplation of such simple conditions was not, however, indispensable to his inspiration. During the summers that he passed in town he was not at loss for material, and he used to say that in Prospect Park or in the suburbs be could find in the plants and flowers suffi-cient impetus to his pen and pencil. Mr. Gibson became an author after he was an artist, and he drifted in rather an unwise fashion into literature. At first he had a hard struggle to receive recognition for his sketches, and they were re-

turned with depressing regularity from the publishers to whom they were submit-"At last, in utter desperation," he said once, in explaining the manner in which he had commenced to write, "I accompanied a drawing when I sent it to a put lisher with a few words of explanatory text. This succeeded so well that I continued the practice, and finally began to realize that I might as well expand what I wrote, and it seemed to be necessary for me to become an author as well as an artist'if I wanted to succeed. I began to read then with the idea of cultivating a style in writing, and as I continued I found that my sketches were more and more appreciated as I sent them in with descriptive text or writing of some kind. I kept that up, so naturally enough drifted into the work as a regular occupation Mr. Gibson usually made his drawings first in accordance with some general preconceived plan, and wrote afterward the text of his books. He was an indefatigable worker, and from half past 9 in the morning until 6 at night he was at his desk or his easel. For awhile he wrote at night, in the belief that the quiet assisted him in his work, but he came afterward to the conclusion that he did his best work in the daylight. A life of such continued hard work had its inevitable consequences. Several times he broke down, only to return again, when his health was restored, to his old-time enthusiasm and devotion to his work. In spite of the accuracy of his sketches Mr. Gibson was not a man who believed that the best final picture comes direct from the natural object. His pictures, as the public saw them, rarely came directly from nature, nor did he work much in the open air. Disagreeing with the painter of artist would do his best work in the studio from his memory and imagination. He believed that the reality of an object was not lost if the artist did not draw or paint from the object itself. He believed that contact with the physical object out of doors was distracting to the highest elements of the imagination as it was applied to the medium of painting. The gain in the imaginative quality of a picture or sketch," he would say, "is not necessarily at the sacrifice of truth." Mr. Gibson, as was, perhaps, natural in the case of a man who was so much absorbed in nature, took some interest and almost had faith in certain phases of phychic phenomena. One of his books that he liked best strengthened his interest in such matters. He always said that it was the result of a dream, in which the work, for some time vague and unformed in his

mind, took definite shape and scope. The details of its execution came to him, too, and the next morning he was able to set to work with the scheme of it perfectly clear and minutely planned. His publisher listened to the plan of his book, and accepted it immediately. It was called "Sharp Eyes." and was in the nature of a calendar showing the different phases assumed by nature in every week of the year to the eyes of a rambler among her beauties who was alive to them and appre-

His Confession.

Puck. "Brethren," said the sad-faced man who had arisen at the experience meeting, "I wish to unburden a heavy heart. I am the manufacturer of the Bangup bicycle. For years I have stated in the public prints that my wheel is the only first-class bicycle in the market. Alas! brethren, in those words I did grave injustice to many of my rivals in trade. The 'Bangup' is not the only first-class wheel in the market. True, it is the best-by far the best. An experience of twenty-five years has enabled me to make the 'Bangup' a perfect wheel. Catalouges will be sent free on application, I have testimonials-But, as he brought forth a package of letters from an inside pocket, there was a storm of interruption. Seventeen sinners and two just men who did not need repent ance rose to shut him off and to explain that they rode other wheels. He sank into his seat wearily, but there was a faint smile of satisfaction on his lips. He felt that he had done his best.

Why She Disliked Steamboats.

Washington Post. The wife of a physician who lives in Fourteenth street tells a story of a distant kinswoman of hers who was her guest during the Christian Endeavor convention. The kinswoman lives in an inland New England town, and when she came to Washington she spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached Washington extremely fa-"Yes, I'm tired to death." said the kinswoman. "I don't know as I care to travel but I guess I didn't, though. Some way,



WHY LET THE CHILDREN

SUFFER FROM When "ANTI-SKEET"

Wafer will clear the room of them 10c Per Box. Harmless and Pleasan

10c Per Box. All Dr NONE GENUINE WITHOUT MOFFITT-WEST DRUG CO., Sole Agents, . ST. LOUIS, MO.

NEW SLEEPING-CAR LINE

Detroit, Mich.,

PENNSYLVANIALINE Leave Indianapolis 11:55 p. m. dally. Ar-

rive at Detroit 9:15 a. m. Tourist tickets will be sold over this route through Detroit to all points on the St. Clair river and in Canada; also to Niagara Falls. This is the only through car line to Detroit. For full information call at ticket offices, No. 48 West Washington street, No. 46 Jackson place, Union Station or address

Vandalia Line for Evansville, Ind.

E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent.

GEORGE E. ROCKWELL, D. P. A.

NO TRANSFER.

Leave Indianapolis Daily-7:30 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 12:55 noon, 11:20 p. m.
Direct connections made in Terre Haute
Union Station with all E. & T. H. trains. Through sleeper on 11:20 p. m. train, open Ticket Offices, No. 48 West Washington street, No. 46 Jackson place, Union Sta-tion. GEO. E. ROCKWELL, D. P. A. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent.

EDUCATIONAL. Educate for Real Life at the Permanent High

Business Universit Y

B. & S. Estab. 1850. Incorporated.

47th year begins Sept. 1. Full particulars free. New students entering now.

When Building. E. J. HEEB, President. E. J. HEEB, President

The India napolis School of Elecution and Oratory Commences twentieth year September 14. Fourth floor, Talbott Block. Entrance to elevator 56% North Pennsylvania street. Teachers and children's classes Saturdays.
T. J. M'AVOY, Principal.

GIRL'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL FIFTEENTH YEAR. Opens Sept. 22, 1896. Prepare for all Colleges admitting women.
Its graduates are admitted on certificates to Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Michigan University, University of Chicago, and other leading Col-

Faculty includes eighteen instructors.

Special courses for students not preparing for Colleges. GYMNASIUM. Excellent courses in fusic and Art. Handsome accommodations for boards THEODORE L. SEWALL, Founder. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, Principal Send for Catalogue. Indianapolis, Ind.

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES. TUINIC E. C & CO., Manufacturer and AIKINS repairer of CIRCULAR, CROSS BELTING, EMERY WHEELS

and MILL SUPPLIES.
ols street, 1 square south SAWS
Union Station. SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS SPECIALTIES OF

W. B. Barry Saw and Supply Co. 122 S. PENN ST. All kinds of Saws repaired.



PHYSICIANS. Dr. Sarah Stockton. 227 NORTH DELAWARE STREET. Office Hours: 9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m. Tel. 1498.

DR. REBECCA W. ROGERS, Diseases of Women and Children. OFFICE-19 Marion Block. Office Hours-9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Tel. No. 1763, Sundays-4 to 5 p. m., at residence, 209 Broadway. Residence Tel. No. 1621.

DR. C. I. FLETCHER. RESIDENCE-585 North Pennsylvania street. OFFICE-269 South Meridian street. Office Hours-9 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Telephones-Office, 907; residence, 427.

Dr. J. A. Sutcliffe, SURGEON. OFFICE-95 East Market street. Hours-9 to 16 a. m.; 2 to 3 p. m.; Sundays excepted. Tele-

phone, 941. Dr. J. E. Anderson, -SPECIALIST-Chronic and Nervous Diseases and Diseases of Women. Grand Opera House Block, N. Pennsylvania St.

ABSTRACT OF TITLES. THEODORE STEIN, Abstracter of Corner Market and Pennsylvania streets, In-

cianapolis. Suite 229, First Office Floor, "The Lemcke." Telephone 1760. SEALS, STENCILS, STAMPS.

IMAYER, SEALS, STENCILS STAMPS, TEL 1365. IS SMERIDIAN ST. GROUND FLOOR.

GLASSES PRESCRIPTIONS LEO. LANDO. 93 N. PENN.ST. DENISON HOUSE.

Sunday Journal

INDIANAPOLIS-IND.

By Mail, to Any Address